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Buckeye Land  
AND  
Bohemia.

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# BUCKEYELAND

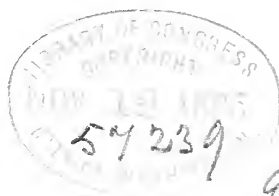
AND

# BOHEMIA.

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\* \* ..... \* \*  
\* BY \*  
\* *Wm. Henry Taylor Shade.* \*  
\* \* ..... \* \*

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*This volume is printed in a limited edition of  
six hundred copies, of which this is*

*No 40*

*Wm. H. T. Shade* \*

TO  
CHARLES H. COLLINS,  
LAWYER, POET, AUTHOR,  
TO  
WHOSE KINDLY ENCOURAGEMENT  
ITS  
EXISTENCE  
IS  
LARGELY OWING,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## INSTEAD OF A PREFACE.

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“Few poets can imitate that sublime bird which flies always in the air and never touches the earth; it is only once in many ages a genius appears whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last forever; but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we might gratefully inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and durability beyond their nature.”—*Lalla Rookh*.

Filled with the dreams that no fool's wealth can buy,  
Clad in our rags, fed on our crust of bread,  
We'll sing our songs, nor tell the reason why,  
Bless God for rhymes and journey toward the dead.

—*W. J. Henderson*.





# BUCKEYELAND AND BOHEMIA.

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## WHEN ROVE WUZ A PUP.

Sence Rove wuz a pup 'pears like it hain't been  
Two minutes. When Bill brung 'im home frum Montrose  
A sneakin'r setter pup never wuz seen—  
All draggled an' wet, 'ith mud on his nose,  
Frum diggin' fur muskrats down ther' by the crick,  
His tail 'tween his legs like he 'spected 'er kick—  
Remember how maw said she know'd he wuz sick  
When front o' the fireplace he curled hisself up—  
Ah, me, but the changes sence Rove wuz a pup!

When Rove wuz a pup ther' wuz leaves on the trees;  
Ther' wuz singin' o' birds an' hummin' o' bees;  
Ther' wuz larks in the medder and roses abloom—  
Right in through the winder an' over the room  
Somehow ther' seems wafted the fragrance o' hay;  
The richness o' August, the perfume o' May;  
The sweetness o' love an' its gladness an' cheer  
When memory pictures that halcyon year—  
When, springlike, her treasury, bubble'n up,  
Brings back that old summer when Rove wuz a pup!

## THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

The old country weekly—how dearly I love it!  
 From crisp city daily I quick turn aside  
 To read its quaint "leader," the heading above it,  
 A hoary-haired editor's joy and his pride;  
 Its columns of locals in which all the doings  
 Of kinsman and neighbor so tersely are told;  
 The births, deaths and accidents, weddings and wooings;  
 The sheriff's sad notice of lands to be sold;  
 Its crude correspondence; some villager's caper;  
 Its tritely told stories of sorrow and joy—  
 They all may be found in the country newspaper—  
 The old country paper I read when a boy.

---

## WHEN GRAN'PAP LIT HIS CORNCOB PIPE.

When gran'pap lit his corncob pipe how quiet all things grew  
 Within the semicircle as around the hearth we drew  
 Our hick'ry-seated, home-made chairs and waited for the tale  
 That always followed that event; not oft did gran'pap fail  
 To fight again, and yet again, the wars of long ago;  
 To trail the Indian; hunt the bear; there in the back-log's glow  
 He lived again his boyhood days. What memories, rich and  
     ripe,  
 Wake at the mention of the hour when gran'pap lit his pipe.

For gran'pap was a pioneer; his honest, willing hand  
 Had felled the trees and made a home within a new-found  
     land.  
 He had an endless stock of yarns—a million more or less—  
 The history of his early life within a wilderness,  
 And when sometimes he quite forgot and told some story twice  
 No one objected; no, nor when he'd chance to tell one thrice;

## WHEN GRAN'PAP LIT HIS CORNCOB PIPE

For tales like his ne'er lose their charm—the stories of the  
 type  
 That gran'pap used to tell us as he smoked his corncob pipe.  
 Oh, good old man, who long hath slept the sleep that bringeth  
 rest—  
 A patriarch unto a tribe that e'er will call you blest—  
 Could you come back and join the group around the roaring  
 blaze  
 And tell, as in the long ago, those legends of the days  
 When strong with youth and hardy toil you trailed the forest  
 through,  
 How would that group, though changed with years, do honor  
 unto you!  
 And trembling hands, I think, gran'pap, away warm tears  
 would wipe  
 As you'd draw your armchair to the fire and light your corn-  
 cob pipe.

---

 ENCOURAGEMENT.

What pilgrim o'er life's stony way,  
 Beset by sorrow and despair  
 And grief that seems too great to bear  
 Finds not the darkness turn to day  
 And all his pathway fringed with bloom  
 As, smiling on him through the gloom,  
 Defying time, and tide and space,  
 He sees a loving, hopeful face,  
 With wealth of tawny tresses crowned  
 And by love's fancy circled round  
 With aureole as if divine—  
 A face like thine, sweetheart, like thine!

## ESCAPE.

Through the transom streams no light;  
 No noisy callers are there to-night;  
 A flutter of crape upon the door  
 Warns them away from Forty-four.

No songs are heard; the blinds are down;  
 Lying at rest in her finest gown  
 Is "Marguerite." The eyes of jet  
 Are closed; the smile is gone; and yet  
 Men there are who will never forget  
 The wondrous witchery of a smile  
 Such as a sorceress of the Nile  
 Might envy, and, forgetting war  
 A Roman lose an empire for—  
 And those lustrous eyes (no other two  
 Such eyes were known on "the avenue")  
 And the gloom-dark curls on the olive brow  
 So still and cold and bloodless now—  
 And the luscious lips—her fatal dower  
 Were these—o'er men had magic power.  
 Oh, who would have cared or dreamed or guessed  
 That 'neath the laces upon her breast  
 Was a broken heart that longed for rest—  
 A woman's heart with its hopes and fears—  
 That those beautiful eyes were the home of tears?  
 And yet somebody remembers well  
 When "Marguerite" was simply Nell;  
 When roses red and blossoms white—  
 But why recall it now? To-night  
 An erring girl, by all forgot  
 Except by those who shared her lot—  
 "Ruby" and "Maude" and "Genevieve"  
 And "Pearl" and "Hazel"—no others grieve—

In the parlor dress she called her best  
Lies at rest.

Through the transom streams no light;  
No noisy callers are there to-night;  
A flutter of crape upon the door  
Warns them away from Forty-four.

### A PROTEST

I'm gittin' most consarned tired o' seein' stair-step rhymes,  
And if the poets keep it up, I wisht they would sometimes  
Just change 'em round a little bit; now, would it be amiss,  
Instead o' havin' stair-step rhymes,

To  
Run  
'Em  
Down  
Like  
This?

I offer the suggestion, seekin' neither blame nor praise;  
And as the rule is dog-gone pore that doesn't work both ways,  
If that seems incompatable with true poetic bliss.

Up like this.

There's nothin' to prevent 'em runnin' Up

Of course, it's barely possible the stair-step style is best;  
Leastways, that it's appropriate must reely be confessed,  
For fortune doesn't always smile; she sometime frowns,  
And like his verse ups  
like life poet's is of and  
the full downs.

## REGRET.

The goldenrod and thistle  
 Are bronzed and sered now ;  
 Chill winds of autumn whistle  
 'Twixt leafless vine and bough ;  
 Sadly sweet September  
 Lingereth o'er the earth ;  
 Brightly the glowing ember  
 Shines on the rural hearth ;  
 The forest trees are turning  
 From green to gold and red,  
 And, parent branches spurning,  
 Drift over the path I tread ;  
 Floating upon the breeze  
 A cloud of thistle down ;  
 Wierdly rustle the trees  
 And the cornfields ripe and brown.

And my heart is sad with a great regret,  
 My heart is sad and my lashes wet—  
 'Tis Nature's requiem symphony  
 For a summer that ne'er will return to me.

---

## REFUGE.

Upon your breast,  
 As drifting bark on billowy sea  
 A crimson rose does rise and fall—  
 A rose that well may envied be,  
 Since sorrows and temptations all  
 In vain their keen shafts aim at me  
 When pillowed, sweet, at true love's call,  
 Upon your breast.

## DADDYISM

Though gran'pap rarely made remarks and never wuz no wag,  
 He used ter hev a sayin' when he'd hear a feller brag  
 'Bout his fambly an' connections, an' a tellin' who they wuz  
 Like these codfish aristocrats aroun' hure a'lus does—  
 A sayin' that 'twuz gospel truth as shore's you're born;  
 "You'll offen find a nubbin on the finest stalk o' corn "

He wuzn't much on cussin'; 'pear'd like he never swore  
 'Less it wuz necessary; but a dozen times or more,  
 When some young sprig without no sense deserved a mild  
 rebuke

Fur tellin' how his great gran'pap's wife's cousin wuz a dook,  
 I've heerd him say: "Your ancestors wuz so-and-so, it's true;  
 But what folks now'days want ter know is, who the h—I are  
 you?"

In all these years that's past and gone I've saw a heap o' life—  
 Its sunshine and its shadders, its peacefulness and strife—  
 And when I see folks put on airs and stickin' up their yeers  
 As though their blood is indigo, I want ter say: "Who keers  
 Who your gran'dad's relations wuz? Fur shore's you're born  
 They've grow'd a runty nubbin on their fambly stalk of corn."

---

 THE HERMIT BEECH.

Away from its fellows its boughs were spread,  
 By the brook in the meadow land,  
 Where we would lie, in the days gone by,  
 By balmiest breezes fanned,  
 Watching the minnows dart and turn—  
 Happier who than we?  
 Far from the wood it proudly stood,  
 A patriarchal tree.

We climbed 'mid its branches, drooping low,

And swung 'neath its waving leaves,  
Where all day long, with cheerful song,  
The robin its coy nest weaves.  
'Tis one of childhood's pictures  
That ruin will never reach,  
And memory ever will fondly turn  
To the grand old hermit beech.

---

### THE OLD STONE CHIMNEY.

Gray guidestone pointing to the past,  
Grim monument to other years,  
Unmoved by winter's icy blast,  
Oblivious to summer's tears,  
I lean upon the garden fence  
And bare my head in reverence!

The stones that formed the homestead walls  
Are piled about in shapeless heaps  
'Neath which the timid lizard crawls  
And over which the spider creeps;  
The ingleside, where grandsire smoked  
His pipe of peace, is hid by weeds;  
The garden path is densely choked  
With growth 'neath which the rabbit feeds.  
Where now the merry girls and boys  
That gathered 'round the ruddy blaze?  
Where the ambitions, where the joys,  
That were their own in those old days?

Grim relic of the long dead past,  
Thou, too, wilt wear away at last;  
Beneath the creeping ivy vine  
Which garlands green those walls of thine  
A sad inscription do I see,  
This one word—mutability.



## ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT.

The Casstown fair wuz simply great; fur miles and miles  
around

Ther' wuzn't left a single soul as didn't hear the sound  
When number nine, by Doggett's band, went floatin' on the air,  
Fur everybody, most on earth, wuz at the Casstown fair.

Old Kernal Reuben Green wuz judge and starter ali in one,  
An' when he called the trottin' race you'd orter seen the fun;  
For everybody know'd 'twould be an' interestin' race—  
A purse o' jest three hundred plunks lent int'rest to the case.

The pigs an' sheep an' garden truck an' punkins wuz furgot;  
The quarter stretch wuz crowded with the most excited lot  
O' people that I ever seen; jest now, a-lookin' back,  
I seem to see them trotters comin' out ther' on the track.

Ike Larkin entered Nancy Pranks, by Pollock, out o' Flirt—  
He thought she wuz the finest mare that ever pawed up dirt—  
An' bets wuz made at ten to one that if she didn't balk  
That race would jest be pie for her—she'd win it in a walk.

Among the other entries made wuz one by Hiram Day,  
From Possum Trot, 'twuz Gin'erl Grant, an old, flea-bitten  
gray,

That everybody pooh-poohed at an' said it wuz a sin  
To bring out such a poor old nag as stood no show to win.

"They're off!" You'd ort a seen 'em go; the people yelled  
like mad;

I'll bet a more excitin' race Latony never had;  
That old flea-bitten Gin'erl Grant jest struck a mungrel gait  
An' kept the lead plumb through the heat—the others all  
wuz late.

A gittin' past the flaggin' post, a-ceptin' Nancy Pranks—  
She come in second, blowin' hard an' sweatin' on the flanks;

"The gray hoss wins," said Kernal Green; said Ike, "You  
make me sick;

The gray hoss run—he didn't trot;" you'd orter heerd him  
kick

Then Kernal Green got fightin' mad; says he, "Don't talk  
to me;

It may have been his hind legs run the hull durned way,"  
says he;

"But his forelegs kept trottin' like the very h—l, I say  
His forelegs wins the money; the decision's fur the gray!"

Ike swore an' cuss'd an' r'ared aroun' an' made an awful bluff,  
But Kernal Green stuck to his word an' Hiram got the stuff,  
An' it has went on record that a hoss can win the pot  
In a trottin' race with two good legs as don't furtit to trot.

---

### THE END OF THE SEASON.

Now do we part to seek home and rest,  
Some to the orient, some to the West;  
Some will to Gotham go and there  
Traverse the pave of the classic "square;"  
Others will sail o'er the saline sea—  
Old Ohio will do for me!  
Some, perchance, of our strolling band  
May meet no more till the last, last stand.  
Yet who can tell?  
So in cheerful grasp our hands we'll clasp  
As we say farewell.

## THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW.

Where now my comrades of the day  
 When I, a schoolboy, knew not care—  
 Companions of my childish play,  
 With happy hearts and brown feet bare,  
 Who shared the master's praise or wrath?  
 All, all are gone. And yet, somehow,  
 There recollections strew the path  
 That leads from Long Ago to Now.

What, years? It seems to me but weeks  
 Since we enjoyed our boyish sports—  
 Went swimming in the self-same creeks;  
 Together built and stormed snow forts;  
 Or sat together on the load  
 That ever bless'd our scythe and plow—  
 Their lonely graves but dot the road  
 That leads from Long Ago to Now

And there is one enshrined spot  
 Along the pathway from the past  
 With tenderest recollections fraught  
 That round them somber shadows cast.  
 How warm her clasp that parting day!  
 How sweet the faintly whispered vow!  
 With flowers that memory strews the way  
 That leads from Long Ago to Now.

---

## ANOTHER VIEW.

A proverb says the rolling stone  
 No coat of moss will gather;  
 But what of that? I freely own  
 That I, for one, would rather  
 Just keep a-rolling, ever free—  
 None of your moss-back life for me.

## A SWEET, SAD STORY.

One day, some thirty years ago,  
A fair youth leaned upon his hoe  
Between the rows of growing corn  
That glistened with the dews of morn ;  
The birds sang in the woodland near,  
Where crystal-bright a brook ran clear ;  
And just beyond, not far away,  
The meadow waved its wealth of hay ;  
Red roses by the orchard fence,  
Where bushes grew so tall and dense,  
A fragrance cast upon the air  
That drifted o'er the corn-field there.  
Althrough the mists had scarce begun  
To fade beneath the morning sun,  
The farmer boy in silence stood—  
His face bespoke no cheerful mood.  
'Twas but last night he'd told sweet Nell  
A tale she knew, indeed, full well ;  
He'll ne'er forget her eyes, so bright  
They shown that moonlit summer night.  
When at a neighbor's paring bee  
They strolled beneath a friendly tree ;  
And he had boldly asked her there  
To share his joys and sorrows where  
For year on year their folks had wrought,  
An unpretentious life their lot.  
Now, Nell, coquette-like, sad to say,  
Had never meant her answered "nay."

And that tells why on this fair morn  
Tom leaned upon his hoe forlorn.

“There’s naught for me to live for now,”  
He said, and stroked his sunburned brow ;  
It may have been that hot tears fell  
For pretty, fickle, cruel Nell.

His youthful heart was broken then  
(Such things occur with full-grown men.)

“She’ll see me ne’er again,” he said,  
“And when she hears that I am dead

May she recall the night we parted  
She careless, cold ; I broken-hearted.”

So when the sun had sunk away,  
And dimmer grew the light of day,

He passed the creaking farmhouse door,  
Whose threshold ne’er would see him more.

A moment’s pause to rest his eyes  
On pantry shelves sway-backed with pies,

Then through the gate, past orchard wall  
O’er which in autumn, the pippins fall ;

Then down the road he took his way  
Nor stopp’d until the East grew gray.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last I have him walking well  
Away from farmhouse home and Nell.

Adown the road my lad has gone,  
The East grows gray with coming dawn.

But serious trouble fronts me now,  
And brings a frown unto my brow—

'Tis this: must he be sent afar  
To bravely die in a bloody war,

While reckless leading on the way  
To cannon's mouth in furious fray?

Shall leaden missile tunnel through  
His heart and stain his coat of blue?

And shall he die right where he falls  
His thoughts of Nell—not of cannon balls?

Or, when his coat is old and torn,  
And his army brogans badly worn,

And he is hungry and sick with pain,  
Shall I have Nell nurse him to life again?

Or shall I free him from war's alarms  
By letting him die in Nellie's arms?

(Of course I could easily fix it in rhyme  
To have Nell arrive in the nick of time.)

Or might he not in lands afar,  
Win fame and fortune in the war,

And homeward come a General grand,  
With gold in pocket and sword in hand,

To havoc play with heart of Nell,  
And how he saved the land to tell?

Then wed Nell's rival—a hateful thing,  
Who neither could play, nor paint, nor sing?

\* \* \* \* \*

This is long enough now to bring me pelf,  
Sweet reader, just end it to suit yourself.

## TWO TRUTHS.

The mirrors glisten, the scene is gay,  
 Bright the room as a summer day,  
 Though all without is drear and chill  
 And darkness hangs o'er vale and hill,  
 And the patter of feet in ceaseless rush  
 Is heard outside in the winter slush

His hat is silk and his ulster long;  
 He calls for a drink and hums a song;  
 He fills his glass—and drains it, too,  
 Just after saying: "A toast to you,  
 Oh, sparkling wine, so rich and rare,  
 You make of the sot a millionaire!"

A vagrant stands away but a pace,  
 A haggard look on his bloated face.  
 He hears; then, raising his glass up, so,  
 Watching its sparkle come and go,  
 He speaks: "And though he says it not,  
 You make of the millionaire a sot!"

---

## WITHOUT THY SMILE.

Without thy smile  
 Full cloudy is the sunniest day;  
 Without thy smile  
 The brightest skies are dull and gray;  
 The birds sing only sad refrains;  
 In balmiest night the starlight wanes  
 And only darkest gloom remains,  
 Without thy smile.

## AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

'Tis Christmas eve ; long shadows fall  
 As slowly in the roseate west  
 The red sun sinks ; and over all  
 There broods the calm of perfect rest.  
 How sweetly peaceful all things seem !  
 And as the evening light grows low,  
 I sit before the fire and dream  
 Of Christmas eves of long ago.

There was a springtime in my life  
 When hope was strong and friendship true  
 Now all is changed ; the cruel knife  
 Of sorrow cut them through and through.  
 How sweet those bells ! I hear them yet  
 A-ringing o'er the star-lit snow.  
 Ah, somehow I can not forget  
 The Christmas eves of long ago !

Oh, why should not my tears downfall  
 Since happiness a stranger waits  
 To greet me—if, alas, at all—  
 Beyond death's dark, mysterious gates ?  
 But till the fates at last decree  
 That I must lie beneath the snow,  
 This day will memories bring to me  
 Of Christmas eves of long ago.

---

 WILLIAM PROPOSES.

There's a very old proverb which goes on to say  
 That where there's a will there's always a way ;  
 Sweet maiden, with joy life's cup would I fill—  
 You show me the way and I'll furnish the Will.



## AWAY OFF.

"They're off! They're off!" Away they go—  
 I wonder why my heart beats so!  
 I've got a cinch; I've backed that bay  
 For all that I could raise to-day.  
 I bend my gaze across the course  
 And note with what pernicious force  
 A chestnut filly presses on—  
 Plague take it—and my watch in pawn  
     They're off!

They're off! It really is a shame;  
 I've gone against a losing game;  
 The bay's not in the race at all,  
 And with a thud my spirits fall—  
 A dull, dull thud that leaves me dazed,  
 Dead broke, dead sore and dead amazed.  
 I thought that nag at ten to one  
 Was finding money. Well, I'm done.  
 "They're off!" I'll ne'er forget that cry,  
 For they were off, and so was I—  
     Quite off.

---

## INGENUE.

Here's a double health to you,  
     Ingenuë;  
 Raise to me your eyes of blue,  
     Ingenuë;  
 In them I can see reflected  
 One who loves you. What, rejected?  
 Well, it's just as I expected,  
     Ingenuë.

## WHEN ME AND MIKE WUZ ON THE FORCE.

When me and Mike wuz on the force  
 Things wuzn't like they are today,  
 Though if they're better, now, or worse,  
 Is reely more than I can say.

The cop now boldly takes his drink;  
 We had to sneak in, with a wink;  
 But that wuz years ago, of course,  
 When me and Mike wuz on the force.

They keep a pullin' folks now days  
 To give the builers-out a chance;  
 The modern copper knows what pays—

He gits his rake-off in advance.  
 If we'd a done such graftin' then  
 We might a-broke into the pen;  
 We didn't get much from that source  
 When me and Mike wuz on the force.

Once in a while they make a bluff  
 At pullin' o' the tager's tail,  
 Which generly brings down the stuff—

In fact, I never seen it fail  
 And come to think—sence I recall—  
 Things ain't so different after all  
 From what they wuz when—well, of course,  
 When me and Mike wuz on the force.

## OLD WHISKERS

It happened in the police court some fifteen years ago—  
 You recollect it, don't you, Mike? you ought ter, for I know  
 That me and you wuz on the force and tramped the self-same  
 beat,  
 The night I pinched Old Whiskers in that joint on Dearborn  
 street.

Old whiskers wuz a harmless cuss that everybody know'd ;  
He used ter peddle shoestrings when he didn't have a load ;  
His weakness, as he freely owned, wuz callin' fur "the same,"  
And generly the limit wuz marked down ferninst his name.

One day he got his reg'lar dose and fell back inter line —  
He muster liked the Bridewell, fur he never paid a fine —  
When for'ard stepped a little gal, not over fifteen years,  
He eves all red from cryin' and her cheeks still wet with tears.

She had no stuff to pay her fine ; and so she took her place  
By Whiskers in the Bridewell gang, tears rollin' down her face,  
When Pat O'Keefe, who stood near me, give me a suddint  
nudge

And pointed at Old Whiskers walkin' up toward the Judge.

The durned old chap reached down inside his ragged, greasy  
vest

And drawed a greasy wallet out—he did, as I'll be blest!—  
And takin' out a greasy bill he give a careless jerk  
And t'rew it down—to pay her fine—before the starin' clerk.

"She's young, pore gal," Old Whiskers said ; then fell back  
inter ranks

Before the cryin', sobbin' gal had time ter mention thanks,  
And added, in a whisper like, that ended in a moan ;  
"I used ter have a little gal, just like her, o' my own."

Old Whiskers died out there that trip, a sentence on his head.  
And not a soul in all the world to care that he wuz dead ;  
But I know lots o' goody-goods, 'way up in text and creed,  
Who might a learnt a lesson from that one unselfish deed.

## THE HOSS THAT COULDN'T LOSE.

He said he'd take a sherry flip  
 And added that he had a tip  
 Straight from the stables that was good  
 As winter wheat; and that he would  
 Let me in on the deal "The news,"  
 Said he, "is right; *that* hoss can't lose."

"How *can* he lose? A fool can see  
 That he will win hands down," says he.  
 "Why, such another leadpipe play  
 Won't come along for many a day.  
 Just stick a pin there; them's my views;  
 I got it straight—that hoss *can't* lose."

Why longer make the painful tale?  
 I played the nag that could not fail  
 To come in first. Oh, what a fix!  
 He wasn't even one, two, six.  
 Hereafter, when I bet, I'll choose  
 A horse that stands a show to lose.

---

 ON THE STAGE AND OFF.

After the play  
 The villain wept  
 Beside a couch where an infant lay—  
 (The villain who drove a woman wild,  
 Who killed a father and stole a child)  
 Wept and watched till dawn's dull grav  
 Fled before the light of day,  
 Then knelt beside that couch to pray.  
 This ere he slept,  
 After the play.

## FATE

The fast express goes whirling by  
 The siding where the way freight stands  
 Lazily clouding the summer sky  
 With its smoke. With grimy hands  
 I wipe the sweat from my sun-tanned face,  
 Wondering, murmuring, "Is there use  
 In living, if for life my place  
 Must be upon a red caboose?"

She is the president's daughter—fair,  
 Fawn-like and faultless as e'er was known;  
 Mines of gold in her wavy hair;  
 Cheeks like roses, May-time blown.  
 Only a glimpse—the fast express  
 Disappears through the canyon gate—  
 She is the president's daughter—yes,  
 I am the brakeman on the freight.

Such is the way of life, I guess—  
 Such is life and such is fate—  
 She rides by on the fast express—  
 I am the brakeman on the freight.  
 The fast express to the eastward goes—  
 I to the west with my work and woes.

## NOT A GOOD SADDLE HORSE.

On reflection,  
 I think I'd like a canter through the park;  
 The idea makes me happy as a lark—  
 I would stride my prancing bay,  
 And upon him ride away  
 Did I have one—well-a-day!  
 But what fun in riding, pray,  
 On reflection?

## THE BACKWARD LOOK.

A sullen, sunless stretch of sky ;  
 A church yard gray in evening gloam ;  
 A steeple 'round which swallows fly ;  
 A pasture o'er which cattle roam ;  
 A group of gnarled forest trees ;  
 A pair of fragrant, dipping pines ;  
 A breath of autumn stirring these ;  
 A rustic fence o'er-grown with vines ;  
 A moss-wrapt gravestone here and there ;  
 A nook where elder bushes wave ;  
 A hillock, sodless, brown and bare—  
 A sodless, unless, new-made grave.

Beyond all these life's vistas slope  
 Back, back to childhood's Arcady,  
 Where sorrow captive was of hope  
 And only joy was yet to be ;  
 Where, dreaming of the bye-and-bye  
 No vision came that was not bright—  
 A backward glance : A sunless sky ;  
 A sodless grave. Now comes the night.

---

## SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

We were shooting the chutes—and Polly was pretty,  
 Not fairer the flowers that blow on the lea ;  
 With a face that might readily call forth a ditty  
 And hair like a sunset thrown back from the sea.

Her eyes and her lips, they were visions of glory ;  
 Her voice seemed an echo of Pandean flutes ;  
 And Polly—but hold, I'm astray from my story—  
 I believe I remarked we were shooting the chutes.

We were shooting the chutes ; the band was a-playing ;  
 The myriad lights danced in fanciful ways ;  
 The summer-night air was reminder of Maying,  
 'Mid wildwood and meadow in long ago days ;

And Polly was pretty—indeed, I am willing  
 To say I was proud as a boy with new boots,  
 And finish my story ? Of course ; well, 'twas thrilling—  
 What happened the night we were shooting the chutes.

We were shooting the chutes ; like flashes of lightning  
 We sped down the incline, while close by my side  
 Sat Polly—and, well, it was really fright'ning,  
 So Polly clung to me. Forgetting her pride

She threw her arms 'round me. I see you have guess'd it—  
 Love's army enlisted a pair of recruits ;  
 My arm 'round her waist, right bravely I press'd it—  
 Oh, grand is the pastime call'd shooting the chutes !

## MOODS.

## I

What's the use ?  
 I am, oh, so tired of trying.  
 What's the use  
 Of struggling on when dying  
 Would leave no more ties to sever  
 And bring peace and rest forever—  
 Dry the tears that vain endeavor  
 Brings to eyes full tired of weeping—  
 Eyes that only close in sleeping  
 But to open on the morrow  
 On another day of sorrow,  
 No more links to be thus broken

As my heart is ; nor words spoken  
 To give pain—no more regretting—  
 No more pining—no more fretting—  
 No more dearth of longed-for petting—  
 No more penance of forgetting—  
     What's the use ?

## II.

    What's the use  
 Of sorrowing and sighing?  
     What's the use  
 Of giving up? Keep trying—  
 Still is left some glint of gladness  
 To offset life's share of sadness,  
 Love's regret and passion's madness.  
 Though no gentle hand now blesses  
 As of yore with its caresses,  
 Worry not. Time swiftly stealing  
 By us, graciously is dealing  
 Glad content, the heart-sick healing.  
 Try again, new courage taking—  
 Dawn, and not your heart, is breaking.  
 Even now doth radiant morning  
 Gild as gold the gray, adorning  
 Like a queen the orient, scorning  
 Gloom. With wonted iridescence  
 Shines the sun. With effervescence,  
 As of yore, life's wine will bubble,  
 Bringing sweet surcease of trouble.  
 There is lots of use in living—  
 In forgetting—in forgiving—  
     Lots of use.



### BELL OF THE KEARSARGE.

O, bell of the Kearsarge, your echoing clangor  
 Will still find its ways to the ends of the world  
 Where place can be found for our pennant to hang, or  
 Our beauteous star-jeweled flag be unfurled.  
 No foeman could silence you; lead was as laughter—  
 You sang back defiance in resonant bars;  
 Your tongue will yet tell, in the endless hereafter,  
 The pluck and the prowess of Uncle Sam's tars.

On Roncador reef the deck is decaying  
 That brave Yankee sailors so gallantly manned;  
 With masts and with rigging the blue waves are playing;  
 The keel is a ruin on far desert strand;  
 But, bell of the Kearsarge, your echoing clangor  
 Will still find its way to the ends of the world  
 Where place can be found for our pennant to hang, or  
 The folds of "Old Glory" were ever unfurled.

### THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER.

When over the mesa hang clouds of night,  
 And snow in the corral is drifting white,  
 Inside these walls the fire burns bright,  
 And the rancher's daughter sits in its light—  
 What matters though outside hang clouds of night?  
 The rancher's daughter is tall and fair—  
 As the rose her cheek, as gold her hair—  
 And the blaze in the corner, with cackle and flare,  
 Is cold compared with the warm heart there—  
 And the rancher's daughter is tall and fair.  
 The rancher's daughter is seventeen  
 Or thereabouts; and as sweet—I mean

To say she's purty as any queen—  
Purtier gal I've never seen—  
And the rancher's daughter is seventeen.

The rancher's daughter is dear to me ;  
And, though my roughness is plain to see,  
I—whoa! Gosh darn it, friend, I be  
Talkin' too much ; but some day we  
Are goin' to hitch, for she's dear to me.

---

#### AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

A low grassy mound ; a moss-covered stone ;  
A garland exposing the legend : "Unknown."

Long years hath the angel of peace hovered low  
From hills of the northland o'er-covered with snow  
To plains of the southland o'er-laden with bloom,  
Where fairest of flowers grow wild o'er his tomb.  
Forgotten are hatred and bitterness now,  
For yesterday's saber to-day is a plow ;  
The earthworks are leveled ; aye, fiber and grain  
Have grown, lo, these years, where a dark crimson stain  
Marked the spot where his life blood was given away  
In the fore of the fight—in the front of the fray ;  
The deep lines by wheels of artillery traced  
In blood-softened soil long since are effaced ;  
And footprints that enemies left on the mold  
Are lost 'neath the harvest field's surfeit of gold ;  
While fragrances born of the beauteous bloom  
Blow soft as an incense above his proud tomb.

A low grassy mound ; a moss-covered stone ;  
A garland exposing the legend : "Unknown."

## McCLELLAN'S FAREWELL.

AN INCIDENT OF GEN. GEO. B. McCLELLAN'S LEAVE-TAKING OF  
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN NOVEMBER, 1862.

Along the army's drawn up front  
McClellan rides to bid adieu ;  
Of deep emotion not a sign  
Betrays the heart beneath the blue.  
His aides are galloping beside—  
One of the world's historic groups—  
Along the line they quickly ride,  
Leave-taking of the gallant troops.

As past the lines they proudly dash  
The troopers see them with a sigh.  
Their glittering blades and bayonets flash  
Salutes as he and staff ride by.  
He does not see a tattered sheet  
That flutters in the autumn breeze ;  
He passes by on charger fleet—  
But—hold the battle flag he sees.

Now, quickly wheeling, back they go ;  
They halt before the flag ; and there  
He doffs his cap before it low,  
While cheer on cheer breaks on the air—  
Then, rides away—the colors flap—

\* \* \* \* \*

And to this day his soldiers tell  
How brave McClellan doffed his cap  
The day he bade his troops farewell.

## IN THE APACHE COUNTRY.

Sand and sage brush ; beyond, the mountain  
 Outlined clear 'gainst the western sky ;  
 Sand and cactus ; beyond, the mountain  
 Reaching unto the heavens high ;  
 Over the mesa a pathway winding ;  
 Dim in the sand a 'graven trail ;  
 Molten the sun ; the dust is blinding ;  
 Lost o'er the echoless wastes a wail.

Under a sage-bush a trooper lying—  
 Under a sage-clump, sickly green ;  
 Low on the sand a trooper dying—  
 Pierc'd his breast by a missile keen ;  
 Sand and cactus ; beyond, the mountain ;  
 Echoless wastes ; a pray'r ; a sigh ;  
 Sand and sagebrush ; beyond, the mountain  
 Outlined white 'gainst the pale, blue sky.

## TEXAN AUTUMN.

## PASTORAL.

A warm sun beating on a sandy plain ;  
 A mock-bird singing in the chapparal ;  
 A mesquite grove, whence, o'er and o'er again,  
 An answering call ;  
 Tufts of brown grass, rustling dryly ;  
 Wild prairie flowers, fragrant, fair ;  
 (Each at a blushing sweetheart nodding slyly),  
 Scenting the air ;  
 On yon gray knoll with naught to dread,  
 A rabbit in a grass-thatched nest ;  
 A feeding herd, with lazy aimless tread ;  
 The wind at rest ;

A flock of noisy blackbirds ; a plaintive song,  
Sad, flute-like and of love,  
In boundless space ethereal long--  
A cooing dove ;

Here and there a cruel cactus growing ;  
Leaves red and golden, tinting scatter'd trees ;  
Adown the vale a tepid streamlet flowing—  
The cowboy's these !

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### A SONG OF BOHEMIA

O, rose of Cathay, how sweet your perfume !  
Your dew-jeweled petals how beauteously rare !  
How rich the deep blush that lives in your bloom,  
As proudly you nod in the warm summer air !  
A dream of enchantment you bend o'er my way—  
Beholding, I covet you, rose of Cathay.

O, beautiful emblem of passion, I fain  
Would grasp you, unheeding the thorns and the pain ;  
Beside you Bohemia's pine sprig looks cold  
As dull, beaten bronze beside glittering gold

But alas for your splendor, proud rose, you will die ;  
In dust of the pathway, their fragrance all fled,  
Neglected, forgotten, your red leaves will lie  
To be spurned, with the dust, 'neath the gardener's tread  
Be twig from the pinelands my emblem alway—  
To fleeting your charms are, frail rose of Cathay.

## BY YOUR COUCH LAST NIGHT.

As I knelt by your couch last night, my pet—

By your couch as you slept 'neath the low, dim light—

You breathed and your bosom heaved; and yet

So pale your cheek and your brow so white

That I paused a moment and bent above

Your sweet, fair form with an awful dread;

Then I kissed your lips as you slept, my love,

And thanked the gods you were not dead.

For there came to my heart a sudden pain

With thoughts of the bitter tears I'd weep

When they might be useless tears. Refrain

Then I could not; and from your sleep

I woke you to know that you lived, my own;

To kiss again the soft red lips

Whose nectared sweets are mine alone—

(Ah, I clung as the bee which honey sips

From rich red rose and clover bloom;

I held you close to my earnest heart

And saw your smile dispel the gloom

And all forebodings bid depart)

To know that I did not dumbly gaze

On a lifeless form supine and white

A-doomed to remember these happier days

And their honeyed wealth of love's delight.

How warm your cheek and your clasp, my pet!

And the pain in my heart gave way to joy

When I knew that you lived and were mine. Regret

May be to the gold of my life alloy,

But not that I ever have turned from you—

That I've ever forgotten your arms so white

And again I swore to be ever true

As I knelt by your couch, my own, last night.

## ROSINA VOKES

We loved you well, Rosina Vokes ;  
 The rare perfection of your art,  
 The rarer goodness of your heart,  
 Endeared you to us long ago—  
 We loved you well and told you so  
 We'll not forget your cheery face ;  
 Your wavy curls ; your winsome grace ;  
 Your singing of "Is 'art was true  
 To Poll ;" and with the weeping dew  
 That gently falls upon your grave  
 Our tears will fall. The ocean wave  
 May roll between your land and ours,  
 But what of that? Affections flowers  
 We sadly, reverently lay  
 Upon your new-made grave to-day ;  
 And deep, sincere emotion chokes  
 Our voices as we speak your name—  
 "All speak to praise you, none to blame"—  
 We loved you well, Rosina Vokes.

---

## HEARD IN HEAVEN.

For dreary months she had patiently lain  
 A sufferer on the couch of pain.  
 The weary, shorten'd breaths came fast,  
 Each thought by watchers to be the last.  
 Patient the sufferer lying low,  
 Struggling to live, yet longing to go.  
 A dear voice, destined to speak no more,  
 Only requested: "Open the door."  
 But waiting angels heard the prayer  
 In heaven ; for it was wafted there,

And the beautiful gates were open'd wide  
That she might rest on the other side.

When we have done with this vale of tears ;  
When we have finished its lonely years ;  
When we depart for the unknown shore,  
May angels stand ready to open the door.

---

### FAITH.

The pathway from yon garden gate  
Leads straightway into paradise.  
Smile not ; for who can fathom fate  
Or see the truth with faithless eyes ?  
But, that my words are true I wot ;  
Its joys I've tasted o'er and o'er—  
You only see a rustic cot  
Upon a bleak and wind-swept shore.  
Beyond that gate (it seems to you)  
The cold snow lies in cheerless drifts ;  
Look as you may, no rays break through  
The clouds to light their murky rifts ;  
You can not see the flowers that bloom—  
That mock the wind and scorn the snow ;  
That smile at sorrow, laugh at gloom,  
And put to flight despair and woe.  
Oh, infidel, scorn not the truth—  
For, wondrous far beyond belief  
Love's miracles e'er fleeting youth  
Is borne away by Time, the thief !  
So do not laugh and jibe, I pray—  
For who, indeed, can fathom fate ?  
Ah, paradise is mine, I say,  
'Tis just beyond that garden gate !



## A MEMORY.

As twilight fades and darkness comes  
 To pall the sinking, dying day.  
 Doth something come to seek me out  
 Amid the gloaming's somber gray ;  
 Though winds of summer gently blow,  
 Or though the earth be wrapt in snow,  
 At morn, noon, eve, where'er I go,  
 Cometh a memory

The roaring grate may blaze and burn,  
 Its roseate glow be warm and bright ;  
 But day on day, with each return,  
 And eve on eve, with sunbeams' flight,  
 Recalls, as though a whispered tale,  
 Eyes filled with tears and sweet lips pale,  
 That are—alas ! that hearts are frail !—  
 Only a memory.

---

## THE FEMALE COMPOSITOR.

To be a very swift typesetter  
 Was Mary Ellen's one desire,  
 And soon the foreman said that better  
 Work than hers none could require.

She did not think herself a joker,  
 And peddle painful puns around ;  
 She did not learn to be a smoker  
 Or chew tobacco by the pound.

Sweet and prim, I'd have you know it,  
 Said she, as she tossed her locks :  
 "Satan, take this slug and throw it  
 Into yonder sheol box "

## ENCHANTED.

Beside you,  
 Earth a realm elysian seems ;  
 Beside you,  
 Fairies whisper rosiest dreams ;  
 Strangely sweet enchantment lies  
 In the azure of your eyes ;  
 Pleasure lives and sorrow dies  
 Beside you.

Beside you,  
 Cares and troubles disappear ;  
 Beside you,  
 Songs of paradise I hear.  
 Naught to me were loss or gain,  
 Naught were sunshine, naught were rain,  
 Could I ever more remain  
 Beside you.

---

## HOPE'S MESSAGE.

'Mid the eternal snows  
 That hood the mighty mountains of the West,  
 Which grim and ghostlike pierce the wintry air,  
 I wandered aimlessly, with troubled breast,  
 Craving oblivion, and the dreamless rest  
 That seemeth given only to the dead,  
 When pinions rustled, and Hope, beside me, said  
 That thou wert mine ; and blest  
 Not more with warmth the tropic plain,  
 Where blossom-laden breezes blow,  
 Or chimner corner where doth rural swain  
 Grow ruddy in a roaring wood fire's glow,  
 Than I, alone upon the mountain there,  
 'Mid the eternal snows.

## CASPAR COLLINS.

Far out toward the border, where the Platte's dull waters flow,  
 And o'er the broad, sun-swept savannahs prairie flowers grow ;  
 And where the winds in wailing sighs still sound his funeral  
                   knell,

There is a spot of sacred earth where Caspar Collins fell.

'Twas in the old Eleventh that young Caspar wore his straps,  
 And in those weary western wilds he dreamed of fame ; per-  
                   haps

Of coming days of blessed peace, when he might cease to roam,  
 And meet again the lov'd ones in the old Ohio home.

A braver soldier never lived ; no braver fired a shot,  
 Or better bore the duties hard that fell unto his lot ;  
 No duty was too hard for him when his it was to do—  
 A more heroic soldier's blood ne'er stain'd its country's blue.

'Twas in July in '65, a scorching summer day,  
 His scouting party sought the fort. Young Caspar led the way  
 Along the cheerless prairie trail until his small command  
 Exhausted reached the grim stockade, then rested on the sand.

The Cheyennes swarmed the prairie then ; one grew behind  
                   each stone,  
 And Carnage o'er that region reigned, upon his reeking throne.  
 The troops were few and sore-besieged, their red foes none  
                   too few,  
 And death seemed grimly grasping for the little band in blue.

A long, slow, white-topped wagon-train was yet upon the  
                   plain ;  
 To succor it seem'd but to fall beneath the arrows' rain,  
 When spake a young lieutenant : "Colonel, shall those men  
                   die,

And we—within their very sight—to save them never try?"

With blanched face the vet'ran turn'd. Far o'er the parched  
plain

All circled round by savage, the teamsters were. "In vain,"  
The Colonel said, "'twould surely be to try to aid them there,  
And from my little, weaken'd force no troops have I to spare."

"I can not see them perish thus," the young man answered  
then;

Give me but twenty volunteers and I will save those men."

His chieftain sadly shook his head, and said: "Take my  
men? No!

Who goes will ne'er return alive from yon relentless foe."

"Your men are fresh," young Caspar said; "but if they don't  
then I

And my poor, tired Eleventh boy to save that train will try.

*Attention! Mount!*"—they waited not; the brazen bugle rang;  
Upon their tired and goaded steeds the fearless troopers  
sprang.

The pond'rous gates swung open wide; the brave men pass-  
ed without

And onward but to death and fame, with many a ringing  
shout.

Once driven back, again they rode to certain death the way.

A charge more grand was never made than that led forth that  
day.

No armor'd knight of ancient time did fiercer fighting do  
Than that bold boy of Buckeyeland in braidless blouse of blue;  
'Twixt sword and shot with savage blood the scorched sands  
ran red

E'er gallant Caspar Collins 'mid the prairie grass lay dead

He died on duty's altar as die the true and brave;

His little band ne'er liv'd to greet those whom they fought to  
save

The record of a hero's death and charge most nobly grand,  
On history's scroll must be inscribed to that immortal band.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out where the grim Cordilleras raise many a snowy peak,  
Once, with a voice all tremulous, an old scout ceased to speak ;  
And o'er his bronz'd face stole a sigh methinks I yet can see  
As he finish'd. It was all too true, the tale he told to me.

Far out toward the border where the Platte's dull water flow,  
And o'er the prairies' vast expanse do sweet wild flow'rs grow,  
The wandering winds yet wierdly chant a hero's funeral knell,  
Above the hallow'd, sacred spot where Caspar Collins fell.

### HAUNTED.

You hear me laugh and see me smile  
And think you that never a care I know,  
But my life is as cold and dull the while  
As winter's dress of ice and snow.  
My mind is not with the laughing throng,  
My thoughts are league on league away ;  
On Time's slow tide I float along  
Through sleepless night and weary day,  
For I am haunted.

A ghost? Ah, no! Ghosts see I none,  
And goblins would be a relief, indeed,  
For there isn't one of 'em under the sun  
To which I would pay the slightest heed  
Spirits I scorn—they're as naught to me—  
But I'd never envy the gayest rich ;  
Could I, alas, forget that she  
Is such a winsome little witch  
By whom I'm haunted.

## AT EVENTIDE.

Away

Down

Low

The winter sun is sinking

And leaving me as lonely as a fellow well can be ;

All my blessings quite forgetting I am fretting for a petting,

Such as in those happy evenings you bestowed on me ;

There is winking, there is blinking, when your lover gets to  
thinking

Of a darling little sweetheart who is many miles away ;

And he misses most the blisses of your honeyed, loving kisses,

When the radiant queen of evening greets the drowsy king  
of day—

When the spirit of the breezes seizes heartstrings as it pleases,

And trums a love-lorn melody of long, long ago—

Oh ! I'm weary, life is dreary, and I long so for you, dearie,

When the winter sun is sinking

Away

Down

Low.

## THE ECHO.

The sailor lad sings a merry lay—

A merry lay he sings—

A song of a cottage for away ;

A song of a coming happy day,

And many other things ;

But the burthen of his song so gay—

Of the song he gaily sings—

Is "The sailor lad he loves a lass,"

And answers an echo : "Alas ! alas !"

## IN A PAWNSHOP.

[Medals and decorations won in the Crimean campaign by a member of the famous Light brigade were recently sold by a New York pawnbroker, who had for years held them as pledges for money loaned.—*Daily Paper*.]

Mute relic of valor, o'erdriven with dust—  
 Pledged here for a pittance that purchased a crust—  
 Corrosion slow gnawing your surface of bronze,  
 As sorrow, a-mocking his meek orisons,  
 Gnawed into his breast in the long agony past,  
 And fed on his heart till 'twas broken at last.  
 Oh, can you remember how proudly you hung  
 On that breast when your hero was handsome and young—  
 In charge and in bivouac his heart's only shield,  
 And proof of his prowess on many a field?

Oh, can you forget how, when bright on his breast,  
 A cheek was press'd to you? Ah, sweet was the rest  
 A maiden found there when, his campaigning o'er,  
 A valiant young Briton returned to the shore  
 Of his childhood and love! How holy the tear  
 With which she anointed you! Many a year  
 Has pass'd since that season of hallowed joy  
 When the lassie he loved met a bold soldier boy  
 And clung to him close, while a fervent love kiss  
 Translated them both to a heaven of bliss.

'Twixt that and the pawnshop—alas, could you tell  
 Your story of sorrow 'twould surely compel  
 A tear for your fate. A tale would I hear  
 Of a gallant old soldier who never knew fear,  
 Neglected and hungry, vain pleading for bread—  
 A wrinkled old veteran, friendless—and dead.

“WHEN OTHER LIPS.”

“When other lips and other hearts,”  
     A little maiden sweetly sings,  
 And through the stately manor halls  
     The childish voice in echo rings.  
 The touch that wakes the slumb’ring chords  
     Within the old piano there  
 Is gentle as the love-lorn words  
     That wed so well the plaintive air.  
  
 Sing on, sweet maid! Thy tender theme  
     Finds ready echo in my breast—  
 A fitting adjunct to the dream  
     In which with truest love I’m blest.  
 When hearts that love are leal and true  
     And beat to rythm of constancy,  
 What harm could one sad ballad do,  
     Though sung through all eternity?

L’ENVOI.

What harm, indeed! Ah, useless tear  
     That glistens for the days of old,  
 Melt quick away. Full many a year  
     The other lips their tales have told!



"I'M SORRY YOU'RE GOING AWAY."

"I'm sorry you're going away," she said.  
 Her voice was low and she hung her head,  
 While a thrill in my heart bade me beware  
 The danger I knew to be lurking there  
 But where is the man who warning heeds  
 In such a case till his poor heart bleeds?  
 Who is there who does not underrate  
 The arrow of Cupid until too late?  
 Her brown eyes fell and her cheeks grew red;  
 "I'm sorry you're going away," she said.

Oh, years that cruelly intervene  
 The present and that hour between,  
 Put me again where I stood that night—  
 Let me clasp her hand; let the soft firelight  
 Glow on her cheek and her brow so fair;  
 Let her lean on my heart; let me stroke her hair;  
 Let me kiss her lips as I kissed them then,  
 Over and over, and yet again,  
 And she should never have cause to say  
 To me: "I'm sorry you're going away."

---

### CONFIDENCE.

When I am far away  
 I shall not fear;  
 Though lonely night and day  
 Never a tear;  
 Midnight chime and morning dew,  
 Noonday sun and ocean's blue  
 Speak good words to me of you  
 When I am far away.

## VULNERABILITY.

The riveted steel of his armor shone bright  
In the sunlight of morn, as a gallant young knight  
Rode forth to the crusades, his plumes waving white  
O'er the Saxon-light curls of his helmetted brow,  
And he laughed as he said: "Who harmeth me now  
Must needs be a god " And he vowed him this vow:  
"Whose lance my prevail 'gainst this breastplate of steel  
His slave will I be; before him will kneel  
And serve him forever in woe and in weal."

In fiercely fought combat full many a blow  
That breastplate withstood, and its silvery glow  
Paled not 'neath the sunlight, while freely did flow  
The blood of the Mussulman. Many a lay  
He sang to his armor: "You shield me alway  
From Saracen lance; no arrow, I say,  
Can pierce you and bury its barbs in my heart,"  
All vainly he reckoned; too late a keen smart  
Found place in his bosom with Cupid's swift dart.

But true to his promise, the warrior brave,  
Knelt low to Love's archer, thus speaking; "I crave  
The precious permission to be but thy slave,  
Your arrow hath riven my breastplate of steel,  
And true to my promise before you I kneel,"  
And Love he served ever in woe as in weal.

## MY ROUTE-BOOK.

In my grip-sack I've a treasure  
 Stow'd mid other jewels there  
 That I look at when I've leisure,  
 And it drives away my care.  
 As my thread of yarn unravels  
 You'll discover that it is  
 But a record of my travels  
 Since I went "into the biz."

Think the faces I remember!  
 Ah, each memory it recalls  
 Flashes up like soft fann'd ember—  
 Long night runs—hotels—and halls!—  
 This I leave future ages  
 (I have nothing else to leave)—  
 But, let's glance into its pages;  
 (It were childish here to grieve.)

This is where I joined one "party;"  
 This shows where it "busted up;"  
 This, where Mam'selle Moriarty  
 Lost her blooded poodle pup;  
 Here I "caught onto" the minstrels;  
 Jayville—where I made a hit;  
 Here I licked a "nigger singer;"  
 Here he licked me;—here I quit.

Thus for hours can I look thought it—  
 Thus for hours its pages scan;  
 And, although I shouldn't do it  
 Almost cry—although a man.  
 Yes, old route-book, you're a treasure,  
 Others can't your value tell.  
 Oftentimes you bring me pleasure;  
 Sometimes pain—alas! as well.

Years and years we've been together  
Through life's fair and stormy weather,  
And while yet I quaff life's cup  
I will love and keep you whether  
Time falls heavy or as feather  
'Till the final call: "All up!"

---

## VALENTINE.

Love's festal day I fondly hail,  
O, sweetheart mine, with youthful glee!  
'Tis then in Fancy's barge I sail  
Adown Life's stream, fair one, with thee.  
The winged years have come and flown  
And mingled sorrow oft with mirth;  
And yet my love no change has known—  
I live for thee, sweetheart, alone,  
And on this day  
I fain would pay  
My modest tribute to thy worth.

Too fair art thou for verses ready-made  
And in the windows of the shops display'd;  
Their hearts and cupids are imaginary—  
So yellow, red or blue, and common, very.

And, since unfit such homage for thy shrine,  
I thought to send a real heart with mine,  
But vain the wish, dear love Why, wouldst thou  
know?  
I had but one,  
And now send none,  
Because I gave it thee long years ago?

## UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

[SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE SAME TITLE.]

Under the dear old flag once more—

Under the starry flag

That has waved o'er the Nation's army

From Lookout's cloud-wrapt crag.

Ah! Tears must start as I look at it;

What memories it recalls—

That sheet of bunting torn with shot

And shells and cannon balls

Under the dear old flag again,

With its crimson bars and white,

And stars that gleam in an azure sky

So gloriously bright.

Under the same old flag again,

Proudly my bosom swells;

T'was under that flag once long ago

That we first heard victory's bells;

Begrimmed with dust and powder stains—

A soiled and tattered rag—

'Twas at the front of every fray,

Our loved and honored flag.

Under the dear old flag again

That has waved from Lookout's crag,

And when I must go 'twould be sweet to die,

Under the same old flag.

## THE LAST LINES.

Upon my pen the ready ink  
 At least a dozen times has dried,  
 And to commence that note I think  
 As many times I've vainly tried.  
 I've ruined many a snowy page,  
 Yet can not scrawl the words I'd like ;  
 I've sat and studied, now, an age—  
 I guess my brains are on a strike.  
  
 But "if at first you don't succeed,"  
 My thumb-worn schoolbook used to say,  
 "Try, try again." I really need  
 Just such advice as that today.  
 So here it goes ; I'll see if she  
 Can snub me all the time ; I'll dare  
 To write and say she can't—that's me !—  
 And let her go—I will So there !  
  
 I've written : "These will be the last  
 Lines I shall ever pen for you,  
 Though I shall ne'er forget the past  
 Sweet days I thought your heart so true.  
 The weary years will come and go  
 And to forget you I will try.  
 I've vowed to never see you ; so  
 Those lines will be my last. Goodbye."  
  
 And now to send it. Well, I'm half  
 Afraid at last to let it go.  
 I fancy now I here her laugh  
 At what I've said—she'll laugh I know ;  
 Or will a quiver come to play  
 Upon those lips so cherry red ?  
 And could her smiles be chased away  
 By anything that I have said ?

Will those dark eyes, so angel bright  
 (That once to me were, oh, so dear!),  
 Be, as are mine now, as I write,  
 Dimmed with a bitter, scalding tear?  
 Will she, as I do, choke a sob?  
 Indeed, I'd give a world to know—  
 And would her pretty temples throb  
 That I, bad boy, have written so?  
 What have I done? Well, sure enough  
 I've torn that letter into bits;  
 To tell the truth I meant a bluff—  
 I could not think of playing quits.  
 I'll call and fix things up tonight  
 (By Jove, I guess I've changed my mind!)  
 And those lines—if she treats me right—  
 Will be the last lines of their kind.

---

## REQUIES VENIET.

O waiting soul,  
 Sweet rest will come.  
 The clanging bell a knell will toll;  
 The cares that form this mundane life,  
 Its myriad sorrows and its strife;  
 Its aches of heart, of hand, of brain;  
 Its hopes unfructified, its pain,  
 Will cease at last and eyes that weep  
 Will close their lids in dreamless sleep.  
 The clanging bell a knell will toll  
 And rest will come,  
 O waiting soul.

## A FORTUNATE FLOWER.

Violet,  
That pales the roses—

Violet,  
Each glance discloses  
Rich simplicity. Before you  
Flow'ret ne'er so beauteous. O'er you  
Kisses linger. I adore you,  
Violet

Yet were you the plainest child  
Of some nook in forest wild,  
Ignorant of tender care,  
Nurtured by the rain and dew,  
Dallied with by wanton air,  
Canopied by heaven's blue,  
Or the vine-hung branches green  
Waving proudly free between,  
Not less dearly would I love you,  
Not less warm the lips above you,  
Violet.

Other ne'er so sweet before you—  
Lucky violet! She wore you!



## THE GRAVE IN THE FOREST.

Alone in a forest I walk'd one day—  
 A forest in the West—  
 Where vines grew thick and dead twigs lay  
 And dense green leaves o'erspread the way ;  
 Where solitude so grim, yet grand,  
 Held sway with solemn, beauteous hand,  
 And winds so wierd my temples fann'd,  
 I feared to pause and rest.

And on I walk'd in the lonely wood  
 That hid the setting sun ;  
 And grander grew the solitude,  
 As father still I dared intrude.  
 My uncheck'd thoughts ran wild and free,  
 And Melancholy walked with me  
 By mountain stream and rock and tree  
 Ere yet the day was done.

Behind we left the measured sound  
 Of the Willamette's flow,  
 Until we stood beside a mound  
 Amid the briars that grew around,  
 And 'neath the grass so green and wild,  
 By weary trav'ler undefiled.  
 Whose hand it was the rude earth piled  
 I did not—do not—know.

Above the head that slumber'd there—  
 Drooped low a mountain rose ;  
 No column pierced the balmy air ;  
 No sculptured urn held flowers rare ;  
 No mourner trimmed the grass so rank  
 That grew upon the long heap'd bank,  
 Beneath its blades wild flowers sank  
 In nature's soft repose.

“Who slumbers here,” I musing said,  
“In lonely, far-off West  
It matters not Sleep, unknown dead,  
With blossoms sweet above your head!  
What matters your name to the world or me?  
I’ll think you a wanderer, brave and free,  
And written upon your grave I see  
Words most beautiful: ‘Rest’!”

I sadly turn’d and backward trod  
Through forest of the West;  
And weary footsteps press’d the sod—  
Still with the onward rush they plod.  
Oft I remember the lonely grave  
Above which Oregon branches wave  
And which spoke to me of nothing save  
Boon we sigh for—Rest.

## JIGGERED.

She's as cunning as a rabbit  
 Is my dainty ingenue—  
 And she has a cunning habit  
 (Which I don't mind telling you)  
 She knows everything as "jiggers"—  
 Mary Jones, cats, canes and toddy,  
 Everything and everybody,  
 Trousers, horses, dogs and niggers  
 Are by her translated "jiggers."

When she feels inclined to say  
 In her artless, elflike way :  
 "Papa's socks will soon fit Willie,"  
 She could never be so silly  
 As to rashly mention those  
 Useful garments known as hose,  
 But of speech rings in some figures  
 And for "socks" she uses "jiggers."

How to stop it I have figured,  
 But must give it up—I'm jiggered !

## A SLAVE TO HABIT.

When I was a little chap I fairly used to revel  
 'Mid the types and presses, for I was a printers' devil.

Soon I learned that I must often, with a wheezy bellows,  
 Blow the dust from out my case, as did the other fellows.

There the habit grew on me ; and though I'm now a poet,  
 Salary days I draw my "dust," then straightway go and  
 "blow" it.

## RECOMPENSE.

Let poets rave o'er last good-byes  
 And lips that meet when paths diverge;  
 Of throbbing hearts and tearful eyes  
 That tell how inward tempests surge;  
 Time was I thought such tales were true,  
 But 'twas not thus with me—and you.

Your passioned clasp was warm that night  
 As any clasp the poets sing;  
 The twinkling stars were just as bright;  
 Your kisses full as sweet. The sting  
 Still rankles deep when I recall  
 That night. Do you remember all?

Yet, after all, I do not care—  
 Our little, romance-fraught affair  
 Ends not without its brighter side,  
 To-wit: Although I have no bride  
 My circumstances might be worse—  
 The story, hammered into verse  
 And sold at such a price per line  
 Will funds provide to pay for wine  
 My wounded, aching heart to cheer  
 (Unless, forsooth, I stick to beer).  
 Ah, who a somber cloud can find  
 That is not, somehow, silver lined?  
 Ill is the wind that does not blow  
 Somebody good. By gosh, that's so!

## RESIGNATION.

Good-bye, sweet hope, for aye farewell,  
 Too long I've sought to cherish thee;  
 My aching, empty heart can tell  
 How very much thou wert to me.  
 For me no more thy rays will shine—  
 Some hearts must break—then why not mine?  
 Good-bye, dead hope; sweet hope, good-bye;  
 No tears have I for thee to shed;  
 No foolish moisture dims my eye—  
 For what are tears, since thou art dead?  
 I too, could die without a sign—  
 Since hearts must break, why should not mine?  
 Rest, buried hope; come not to haunt  
 The heart thy falsity hath slain;  
 Come not to laugh and jibe and taunt,  
 But in thy sealed tomb remain.  
 Death lurks beneath such sweets as thine—  
 Some hearts must break—then why not mine?

---

## THE PLUMED KNIGHT.

Upon his bier  
 Fittingly spread his Nation's banner—  
 Red as the sunrise of hope;  
 White as the angel of purity;  
 Blue as the sky that met his heavenward glance;  
 Upon it, then, his shield and coat of mail  
 That many an erstwhile enemy's arrow swerved;  
 His sword and spear  
 And visored helmet,  
 With the proud plume that ever waved  
 In the front of his country's battles.

## A FLIRTATION.

You were such a little one—

Such a dainty, frail flirtation—

Born of folly and of fun—

Fed on faithless admiration—

Ended now e'er well begun—

Such a *very* little one!

Though you're not the passion grand—

(Which is out of fashion) yet,

Since the time is come to part

I'll admit you've touched my heart

And I leave you with regret.

Everything must have an ending

(Foolish tears with smiles are blending—

Never mind—I'll soon forget—

Strange how much a heart can stand!)

Adios, I kiss your hand,

Cherished little passionette.

## 'T WAS BUT A DREAM.

Methought I saw, the other night,  
 A wildly cheering crowd  
 Which homage did unto a man  
 Of lordly mien and proud,  
 Who condescended now and then  
 To smile upon the throng  
 As he trod upon the roses  
 Which his path were strewn along.  
 There were lawyers, savants, preachers  
 And inventors there galore;  
 So many really famous men  
 I'd never seen before  
 Indeed, I saw that in the crowd,  
 (Their lustre somewhat dim)  
 Edison and the airship man  
 Their hats took off to him.  
 My curiosity aroused  
 I asked the haughty one:  
 "Who art thou? Prithee tell me,  
 And why this homage done?"  
 When with a pitying glance at me  
 He proudly said: "I am  
 Inventor of a car door  
 The brakeman can not slam!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Then was I 'wakened by a jar  
 That drowned the engine's scream;  
 The brakeman had pass'd through the car—  
 Alas, 'twas but a dream!

## GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS

Correct the proof;  
It reads: "The printer's friend."  
Correct the proof,  
Since not aloof  
From any one who needed aid  
This good man stood; his ready hand  
Dealt charity o'er all the land;  
His many generous gifts betrayed  
The kingly greatness of his heart;  
A king in wealth he played his part  
As would have graced a regal chief  
And in all hearts a real grief  
Not very often known holds sway  
That one so kind lies dead to-day.  
The printer will his service lend  
To make a change he needs must own  
Is surely due, since he alone  
Is not the only mourner near  
The noble benefactor's bier—  
Correct the proof;  
It should read: "Everybody's friend."



“TAPS.”

The rippling river flows along beneath the summer moon;  
Hush'd now the direful cannon's roar; the night-bird's  
dreary tune;

Green boughs soft sigh above me; wierd winds play on my  
brow

All else is still as death itself, my comrade's dying now  
Within his coat of threadbare blue he thrusts his bronzed  
hand

And says: “I'm on the march, old friend, toward the un-  
known land.

I want these buried with me.” “It shall be so,” I say,  
As I look upon his treasures—two tresses—gold and gray.

The soft white clouds float slowly by the moon, now sinking  
low;

The tireless river still rolls on in grand, perpetual flow;  
I hear: “You'll, tell them, comrade true, I had no fear of  
death;

Tell mother dear I spoke of her unto my dying breath;  
And tell the girl I love so well I would not have her weep—  
That I but did my duties well, then gently sank to sleep;  
You'll send my saber home to them?” “Yes, Jack, old boy,”

I say,

As tears fall down in torrents on tresses gold and gray.

The form in blue before me is chill and silent now;  
The damp of death is on his face, and marble white his brow  
He will not rise at bugle call or sullen cannon's roar—  
For him the reveille will sound upon another shore.  
And now a cadence floats above the field o'er-strewn with  
dead,

Where echoed but at twilight hour full many a warlike tread—  
It is a far, faint bugle call—or 'tis dream, perhaps—  
That bears to me those knell-like notes—the soldier's re-  
quiem—taps.

“HERE’S TO YOU, TOM MOORE!”

Here’s to you, Tom Moore ; whene’er I am gay,  
 So are you ; and when care finds a home in my breast,  
 You cheer me with proverb and promise by day,  
 And your melodies lull me, at nightfall, to rest.  
 And when my poor heart loved as other loved never,  
 You spoke for me what my own tongue could not speak ;  
 Your words clothed the thoughts, which, how great the endeavor,  
 Were murmured alone by the tears on my cheek.

Whene’er heavy-hearted, despondent, and weary,  
 Soft chords from your harp find their way through the gloom  
 That pall-like hangs low o’er a pathway full dreary—  
 A pathway full dreary that leads to the tomb.  
 Your faithfulness proving you ever are near me ;  
 Your friendship, as stanch, Tom, come woe as come weal,  
 And softly you whisper, to comfort and cheer me ;  
 “Earth hath no sorrow that heaven can not heal.”

## WHERE WE WENT A-SWIMMING.

Along the vanish'd years I gaze  
 To boyhood's day ; and see  
 A vine-wreathed fence ; a grassy bank ;  
 A waving old elm tree  
 Whose boughs droop over water  
 That laughed and sparkled so  
 When, in the summer twilight,  
 We used to swimming go.

When mantled were the golden fields  
 In evening's purple fold,  
 And sparkling dew-drops settled o'er  
 The meadow and the wold ;  
 When the farmer's patient horses  
 Had to pasture plodded slow,  
 Oft we gather'd there in rapture—  
 There we used to swimming go.

How delightful ! How refreshing !  
 As we strok'd the cooling waves  
 Sweeter not to we young farmers  
 Fount where daintiest naiad laves.  
 Whip-poor-will's quaint music lulling ;  
 Slowly floating with the tide ;  
 Dashing, splashing, kicking, diving,  
 Paddling, racing side by side.

Glorious pastime ! How we lov'd it !  
 Happy theme of days gone by !  
 To recall its joys supernal  
 Brings the moisture to my eye.  
 'Tis the same old elm that's waving  
 O'er the water to and fro—  
 Scarcely changed that cosy haven  
 Where we used to swimming go.

## WHERE WE WENT A-SWIMMING.

I could ask no kindlier favor  
Than again to frolic there  
In the sparkling, laughing water—  
In the fragrant summer air;  
Than to tread the bank so grassy;  
Hear the twittering birds sing low,  
At that paradise of boyhood  
Where we used to swimming go!

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## LOVE'S AMBUSCADE.

O, love hath reared a favorite shrine,  
Where tryst at eve the country lovers;  
'Tis there love's agents all combine  
And near-by Cupid ever hovers  
The trysting place a woodland lane  
Melodious made by birds a-singing  
Sweet madrigals; c'er hill and plain  
The echoes, fairylike, a-ringing;  
Soft breezes fresh from fields of grain,  
A wealth of richest fragrance bringing;  
The cricket's never-ending tune;  
With silvery radiance a-shining  
Through leafy boughs a glorious moon;  
All these their myriad charms combining—  
All these—a night in beauteous June—  
Two hearts for love's enchantment pining—  
Unseen upon the perfumed air  
Within bow-string drawn sly Cupid hovers—  
Love's forces lie in ambush where  
Do tryst at eve the country lovers.

## ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

Awful the shock when the engines met ;  
All was terror, confusion, din ;  
None who saw it will e'er forget  
The picture that daylight ushered in.

Shattered fragments of iron and steel,  
Splintered wood and battered brass  
Mingled with broken rod and wheel -  
And someone's blood stained the wayside grass

Someone's body, all crushed and torn,  
Covered with wound, bereft of breath,  
Was found 'neath the wreck ; the jacket worn  
Told how a brakeman had met his death.

Someone wept when the news was borne ;  
Someone mourned o'er the mangled dead,  
In line of duty from someone torn—  
Yet "only a brakeman," the papers said.

Sadly they buried him 'neath the sod,  
Then took the crape from the cottage door ;  
Over a grave the roses nod—  
The grave of a brakeman whose run is o'er.

## SUSPICION.

Envied—blest—  
The stamp she press'd  
Upon the corner of my letter—  
That is, I guess'd  
So; and, at best,  
Did anyone know any better?  
Thinking this,  
My pretty miss,  
Whose praises bards might well have sung,  
You know 'twas bliss  
For me to kiss  
● The favor'd stamp that touch'd your tongue.  
  
But, ah! A shadow falls athwart  
That ray of joy so bright—oh, horror!  
The mere suspicion chills my heart—  
Perhaps the old man stamped it for her!

## REX EST MORT.

The king is dead. A funeral pall  
Upon a nation casts its gloom.  
Within the 'blazoned palace wall  
Reigns now the silence of the tomb.  
Around a bier do courtiers mourn ;  
Bells toll and many a prayer is said ;  
In whispered tones o'er Spain is borne  
The direful news: The king is dead.

The king is dead. On foaming steed  
He never led a bloody charge.  
He never saw his subjects bleed  
In battle on their monarch's barge.  
But when the pestilential air  
Spread pain and sorrow o'er the land—  
And death—Alfonso, too, was there,  
To lend a ready helping hand.

The warrior monarch lives in fame  
And myriad throats his praises sing  
But full as great Alfonso's name  
His grateful subjects mourn their king.  
All honor to the knightly man  
Who bares his breast in rightful strife,  
But greater far the king who can  
Be full as brave in daily life.

## THE POPULIST.

“It’s wonderful how popular she’s gittin’ ev’rywhere,”  
Said Captain Jasper Wayback as he reined his sorrel mare  
Beside the deacon’s carryall to tell him of a trip  
To Hiawatha. “Ah,” said he “we’ve got ’em on the hip;  
The populists is bound to win; ’pears like a reg’lar boom  
Is sweepin’ over all the land Old parties read their doom  
As shore’s you’re a livin’ man We’re campin’ on their trail—  
With Mary ’Lizabeth to lead there ain’t no word like ‘fail’  
Why, out in Kansas City, sir, and in St. Louis, too  
(I stopped off there to see my darter Ann as I cum’ through),  
They’re goin’ wild about her; why, I m ready to aver  
In both o’ them are cities they jist fairly worship her.  
It showed as plain as plain can be that these had times’ll cease  
To see on nearly every house a sign which says

“FOR LEASE.”



## AN OLD TIMER TALKS.

It happened in Nebraska,  
In a little, lonely town,  
Where, gazing o'er the prairie  
Until the sun went down,  
You could not see a single knoll;  
Sod houses, just a few;  
And gray clouds of a stormy sky  
Obscured the heavenly blue.

The show—'twas not a big affair—  
Got in town late that day;  
And business—Ah, I see you're 'on'—  
The boys weren't very gay.  
The manager had ceased to smile—  
His troubles were too much—  
The secret spring you've heard about  
Was stranger to his touch.

We put up at the one hotel—  
And 'twas a 'yaller' place—  
Kept by an aged pioneer  
With wrinkled, kindly face,  
Whose dame was cook and chambermaid;  
A 'coon' did general work;  
The three in turn were seen behind  
The register, as clerk.

Among the jays that hung around  
There was a likely lad  
Whose form was stout and chubby,  
But whose face was pale and sad.  
I'd say he was 'bout eleven, and  
A bright young chap was he,  
Though we might not have noticed it  
Had nothing happened—see?

We chewed; then got the stage in shape—  
'Twas not a stage at all—  
I mean that we hung our curtains in  
One end of a chairless hall;  
And then by getting some planks and keys  
(Procured with "comps," you know)  
We found ourselves in readiness  
To give our bloomin' show.

We always got a kid or two  
To help around the stage  
(When I look back to that lonely night  
All's plain as a printed page)  
And on this night we got the boy  
Who looked so quite forlorn—  
The same one that had followed us  
Up town that very morn.

There weren't many in our gang,  
Eight people formed the band—  
Our man who walked the rope was good—  
The finest in the land.  
We stretched his wire as usual,  
Though prospects seemed quite blue  
Then stood outside the gloomy hall  
And played the blue book through.

At last a guy or two went in,  
But, my! they came so slow  
That for a while we had great fears  
That there would be no show.  
But when the hour of eight rolled 'round  
The hall was nearly full  
And the manager he was the same way, too,  
A good one, ain't it, cull?

We never failed to please the jays ;  
We did it that night, too ;  
But everything had been attached  
We found when the show was through.  
And what the deuce could next be done  
I'll own I didn't know,  
But 'twas a case of 'hustle'  
None had a place to go.

The 'trouper' must be up to snuff ;  
We straightway gave a ball,  
As soon as the show was over,  
Right there in the self-same hall.  
We charged two bits a couple  
But dancers there were few,  
And when the last of them had gone  
What else was there the to do ?

'Twas no use whining o'er it,  
We'd all been there before,  
So we laughed and joked while the creditor  
As sentinel guarded the door.  
I played some tricks on that kid, you know,  
And the gang stood 'round the while  
And laughed ; while the boy would feebly try  
To keep on his face a smile.

Our 'human serpent' did a trick,  
And said : "Do that, young man,"  
He tried and failed, then said with pride  
"But then my sister can,"  
And when we laughed at what he said  
His blue eyes opened wide  
His dirty fists next sought his eyes  
And that young fellow cried.

We didn't expect him to do that,  
Nor meant to sorely tease,  
And Song-and-Dance says: "why, what's this?  
Now, don't cry, Johnny, please;  
What's up young fellow? tell us all;  
Say, what's the racket now?"  
Then spoke some other cheering words,  
And stroked the throbbing brow.

The young chap told his story;  
His folks were very poor;  
He'd only his mother and sister  
And these, he told us more,  
Lived down at the town of Kearney  
A hundred miles or so;  
He wanted to make some money,  
And "couldn't he join the show?"

Not a bite he'd eaten that long, long day—  
I soon can tell you the rest—  
Right there we proved a human heart  
Lives in a showman's breast.  
We 'benefitted' him at once—  
Dressed in a 'queer' clown suit  
He turned flip-flaps and somersaults  
And stood on his head, to boot.

The gang cried out a 'bravo!'  
He took a strong encore,  
And in response he tried a jig,  
Though he'd never tried it before,  
And then McGlone passed round his hat—  
A battered, glossless tile—  
And every sucker with the troupe  
Chipped in from his meagre pile.

The boy was tickled 'most to death,  
And well do I recall  
The face of the waiting creditor  
At the other end of the hall,  
As he put a dollar in the hat  
And said; "Well, I'll be blamed!—  
Wouldn't thought that of a showman—  
Gentlemen, I'm ashamed  
"To think the way I've acted—  
Right now I'm a different man;  
Go take your traps and do your best  
And pay me when you can  
I know the best of people  
Are likely to get stuck"—  
And as he opened the door he said:  
"Good bye; I wish you luck!"  
To make it short: The landlord said  
He needed such a boy,  
And so he was adopted  
And 'tis a source of joy  
For me to look back to those days  
As this o'er-true yarn I tell  
And remark—I'll see you later—  
There goes the dinner bell!

## WIDOWHOOD.

I wait for the boatman ; the night air is chill  
And raindrops are sullenly falling ;  
The stars all are hidden ; the night bird is still ;  
The river's sad murmurs my yearning ears fill ;  
With a sigh for the touch that will ne'er again thrill  
I wait for the ferryman's calling.

I gaze o'er the water and nothing I see  
Save dim lights amid the gloom shining.  
They waver and struggle as if to be free—  
They waver—they struggle—Oh, what can they be ?  
They pale and they brighten—but come not to me  
Who waits for the boatman, repining.

It is not the dread of the journey, I own,  
That pain in my sad heart is keeping ;  
I heed not the raindrops the cold wind has blown  
Upon my tired face ; I keep back a moan  
Because I am waiting alone—all alone—  
While others have crossed and are sleeping.

## CAMILLE.

The heartless world knows little what you feel

When you at last are all alone—alone—

It wots not of the memories that steal

Upon the heart above which jewels shone

Only an hour ago Now, in the dark,

You drift as castaway from some frail bark

And see no aid Your doom you mark,

Camille

What hope poor girl, is yours? Some wound ne'er heal—

The cruel world don't let them. It will spurn

You evermore. Your friends are friends in weal

Aside from you they yet will coldly turn,

And you alone your throbbing brow will hold

And ask in vain their erstwhile lavished gold—

Ask and be spurned, when you grow old,

Camille.

Into the path that leads where sweet bells peal

Who tries to turn your weary, wayward feet?

Poor child of fate! your direful doom they seal,

Then tell of heaven and of salvation sweet.

Who of all these would sit beside you?

Who of these saints would not deride you?

They think it is enough to hide you,

Camille.

## THE OLD SWEET SONG.

Thy theme is old as earth itself—

All history's pages do not tell  
Of time when Cupid—winged elf—

Did not his willing victims fell.

The scroll of time hath never shown

The day that did not feel thy beams

And many a favored soul hath known

The bliss that through thy soft glance gleams.

Thy theme divine, so sweet, so true,

Though old as time is ever new !

For age on age since earliest time

The bard to thee hath tuned his lyre

And sung thy praise in simple rhyme

And glowing, classic words of fire.

And still the poets sing thy praise—

A world still listens to each note—

And echoes many a heart the lays

That from the harp inspired float,

For though so old, Love, good and true,

Thy honeyed tale is ever new !

Unworthy of thy song my voice—

Unworthy I to lisp thy name—

Enough it is, and I rejoice,

To feel within my heart thy flame.

Let others court the muse for thee,

And worship with their harps more grand,

Glad am I e'en thy slave to be—

To feel the magic of thy wand.

Yet fain I'd sing, O, goddess true,

Thy old sweet song forever new !

O, what would we poor mortals do

Without that old song ever new !



## THE COASTER.

## I.

This man who with a smiling face  
And merry, ringing laugh,  
And bob-sled following behind,  
Doth pause and give you chaff  
About the coasters gliding down  
The hill of beaten snow,  
This is the merry, merry man  
Who would a-coasting go.

## II.

This man with bandage o'er his eye,  
Who walks with crutch and cane,  
With arm in sling and patched-up nose,  
Who moans as if in pain,  
Who swears when asked about the hill—  
The hill of beaten snow—  
This is the merry, merry man  
Who would a-coasting go.

## WHEN LIBERATI PLAYED.

When me and Kuhnel Slaughtah and  
 The kuhnel's brother Bill  
 Were 'tendin' fed'ral coht last Apreel  
 Down at Louieville  
 The kuhnel says to me and Bill :  
 "I motion that we go  
 And pass away an hour or two  
 A-takin' in some show "

Then I remarked a ballet show  
 A proper void would fill,  
 And so did Kuhnel Slaughtah and  
 The kuhnel's brother Bill.  
 And so we all went down the street  
 And bought three parkay cheers—  
 First stoppin' in to have a drink  
 Or two at Rassinier's.

We found we'd struck a concert ; not  
 A reg'lar show at all—  
 And Bill he made a motion that  
 We up and leave the hall.  
 But after some discussion we  
 Desided that we'd stay,  
 When the usher told us Signor  
 Liberati was to play.

The signor brought his bugle out—  
 It looked like real gold—  
 Then turned to his musicianers  
 And waved a stick as bold  
 As if he was a brigadier—  
 Soon we were glad we strayed  
 By chance into the theatre  
 Where Liberati played.

The first piece was chuck full of notes  
That run all up and down,  
And made me think of Morg Adair,  
The bugler in our town;  
And after he had finished it  
Folks clapped until the dome  
Of that hall shook. And then he gave  
Us "Old K<sup>o</sup>ntucky Home "

But still they wouldn't let him go.  
They kept a-wantin' more—  
I wondered how on earth he kept  
His lips from gettin' sore—  
He played us "Bonny Bessie," Oh,  
The music that he made!  
I never will forget the night  
That Liberati played.

And then he struck up "Dixie,"  
And as the pure notes swelled,  
I got right up upon my cheer  
And yelled, and yelled, and yelled,  
Until the echo seemed to shake  
The whole of Louieville—  
And so did Kuhnel Slaughtah and  
The kuhnel's brother Bill.

There's nothin' like a simple theme  
To reach a person's heart  
And bid from out their slumbrous cells  
Sweet sentiments to start;  
The pure impressions made that night  
From mine will never fade—  
'Twill thrill whenever I recall  
How Liberati played.

## BEREFT.

There is gold in the sunbeam ; the fountain at play  
Reflects all its splendors in colors most gay ;  
The robins are piping their songs in the trees,  
And the fragrance of blossoms makes heavy the breeze—  
The fragrance of blossoms and roses so red—  
What are these to the mother whose baby is dead ?

## I CUT THE CARDS.

[With profuse apologies to the author of "I Cut the Corn."]

I cut the cards; the other fellow deals;  
 Adown the passageway there softly steals  
 The languorous music of a dago band;  
 I hold four kings—a very goodly hand—  
 His raking in the pot the game retards—  
     I only cut the cards.

The gilded gambling joint in which I sit  
 For court of richest nabob well is fit;  
 I see a tawny waiter serving drinks  
 With countenance as stoic as a sphinx;  
 The stuff he serves would kill at forty yards—  
     I only cut the cards.

I only cut the cards—a trifling spell  
 After I ante up. It does beat—well,  
 Trade will keep up. It really is a sin  
 How some fool chumps their boodle will blow in  
 By Jove! The theme is worthy of the bards—  
     I only cut the cards.

To give to stanza four the proper boost  
 A fair-haired maiden must be introduced;  
 Likewise, a lover for her. Understand  
 That in this game they right here take a hand.  
 Thanks—don't mind if I do. Here's my regards—  
     I only cut the cards.

To make this pretty parody complete  
 Somebody must be slain. I can't be beat  
 At killing folks in rhyme. I boldly dare  
 To kill 'em off in gobs. I do not care  
 How red with gore my verses—do I, pards?  
     I only cut the cards.

## OPPORTUNITY.

Fair, tall and limber-limbed, behold, she waits

Beside the stony path o'er which I wend

My anxious way, and gaily indicates

By beckonings and smiles my journey's end.

By signs she tells me that the joys I seek

Await me there. With energy anew

And hope's fresh flush upon my faded cheek,

'Mid cruel thorns and noxious weeds and rue

I struggle on that I may call her mine

E'er she depart as oft she hath before;

That full into my own her eyes may shine;

That I may clasp her close, all sorrows o'er.

But when I reach the spot whereon she stood

No answering word or touch is mine to know;

All echoless, from gray and lonely wood

Cold, cheerless, cutting winds upon me blow.

I weep as I recall her many charms

And fold, ambitionless, my empty arms.

## THE ALL NIGHT CLUB.

Oh, the All Night Club is an all-right club  
 That meets—no matter where—  
 With its Faithful Fool or its Daffy Dub  
 Or its Chief Chump in the chair.  
 Whichever it be his word is law—  
 Be he Fool or Chump or Dub—  
 When it polishes up its loving cup  
 Look out for the All Night Club.

There's an Outer Guard and an Inner Guard,  
 Though neither has much to do;  
 There's the Potent Prince and the Piggly Pard  
 And the Beggarly Bugaboo;  
 There's the Mighty Mick of the Mystic Mug  
 And the Lovable Lord of Luck—  
 When he reports to that gang of sports  
 His duty's to chase the duck.

Then here's a health to the All Night Club  
 That meets—no matter where—  
 With its Fool and Chump and Daffy Dub  
 And its Chaser Away of Care.  
 No trumpet flourish marks its meet  
 Nor drum with rub-a-dub-dub,  
 But when it digs up its loving cup  
 Look out for the All Night Club.

## CLEAR THE TRACK.

When the train of truth pulls slowly out  
It has the right of way ;  
All trains that it may chance to meet  
Are doomed to wreck and dire defeat.  
Once started truth cannot turn back,  
And truth has started—clear the track !

When you see the train of truth pull out—  
No matter what men may say—  
'Twill never stop. When it seems to sleep  
'Tis rolling along. Though the way be steep  
'Twill reach the heights and be seen of men  
Who, somehow, could not see it when  
It toiled its way through mud and mire,  
No guide but truth's own signal fire—  
Once started truth cannot turn back,  
And truth is coming—clear the track !



## THE CANDIDATE.

He ran for office ; and, alack, it really was a sin  
That one who had "a perfect cinch" at last should fail to win.  
His head is big to bursting ; His appetite is gone ;  
And so his "boodle" is ; and more, his diamonds are in  
paw ;  
The shouting of his rival's gang grates harshly on his ear ;  
He swears he's done with politics for many a long, long year ;  
He murmurs oft a wicked word beginning with a "d,"  
For "one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be."

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## AFTER THE ELECTION.

Of all sad words heard round the town  
The saddest are these : "Dey t'run me down."

## THE RED MEAL TICKET.

Say, Jim, do you remember, before we made our pile,  
That little chop house kept by what's his name?  
He fixed no fancy dishes and he didn't put on style,  
But for solid grub he got there, just the same.

After puttin' down a dinner that deserves all kinds o' praise  
And costs an even fiver at a clip,  
My mind it goes a wanderin' to those hungry, hustlin' days  
And the red meal ticket owned in partnership.

The firm, though, never kept no books. Whichever had the  
coin  
Would buy a ticket once a week or so;  
And we'd have our cup o' coffee and a bit o' tenderloin  
If we'd happen to run out o' ready dough.

Now, since that all is over, and we have made our pile,  
And can fill our faces full of wine and game,  
I recall that red meal ticket. Oh, we didn't put on style  
But we seemed, somehow, to get there just the same.

## MAIDEN OF BUCKEYELAND

Here's to you, maiden of Buckeyeland,  
Rosy your cheek and soft your hand,  
Cherry your lips, your eyes how blue,  
Tresses of daintiest golden hue;  
Yours are we ever to command,  
Beautiful maiden of Buckeyeland.

Here's to you, maiden of Buckeyeland,  
Child of a commonwealth more than grand!  
Gentle your voice as the wand'ring breeze  
Which bends the boughs of our buckeye trees;  
Yours are we ever to command,  
Beautiful maiden of Buckeyeland.

## EUGENE FIELD.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,  
 An angel stands at the prow,  
 And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side  
 With a rue-wreath on her brow.

—*From one of Eugene Field's later poems.*

As onward the ghostly Dream-Ship sailed  
 An angel wreathed with rue  
 Tost forth a dream of dreamless rest,  
 That fell with the morning dew.

A dream of a land that mortal eye  
 Never, perchance, may see;  
 Where pain and sorrow are never known,  
 A land of mystery.

It floated away from the Dream-Ship's side  
 The mists of morning through,  
 And tears are in a nation's eyes—  
 For the dream that came was true.

*FINIS.*

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